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He comes with genuine and fear along,
An army of millions strong;
The Gosh, and the Vandal, and dwarfish Hun,
With their swarming people wild and dun,
Brought not the dread that the Locust brings,
When is heard the rust of their myriad wings.

From the deserts of burning sand they speed,
Far over the sea, away! away!
And they darken the sun at noon of day;
Like Eden the land before they find,
But they leave it in a desolate waste behind.

The peasant grows pale when he sees them come,
And stands before them weak and dumb;
For they come like a raging fire in power,
And eat up a harvest in half an hour,
And the fields are bare and the land is brown,
As if trampled and trod by an army down.

There is terror in every monarch's eye,
When he hears that this terrible foe is nigh;
For he knows that the might of an armed host
Cannot drive the spoiler from out his coast,
And that terror and famine his land await;
That from north to south 'twill be desolate.

Thus the ravenous Locust is strong and grim,
And what were an armed man to him?
Fire turneth him not nor sea prevents;
He is stronger far than the elements!
The broad green earth is his prostrate prey,
And he darkens the sun at noon of day!

There is a star yet above us,
Shining for happier days;
There is a spirit to love us,
Beating beyond the stars' rays;
Though for a time we may sever,
Cling this deep truth to thy breast,
Trusting in Providence ever—
Still let us hope for the best.

Oh, why should we ever be shading
Moments of pleasure with pain?
Though the rage we have cherished be fading,
Time will bring races again!
Though Fate our destinies sever—
Though for a season depressed—
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Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

THE LOCUSTS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

The locust is fierce, and strong, and grim,
And an armed man is afraid of him;
He comes like a winged shape of dread,
With his shielded back and armed head,
And his double wings for hasty flight,
And a keen, unceasing appetite.

He comes with genuine and fear along,
An army of millions strong;
The Gosh, and the Vandal, and dwarfish Hun,
With their swarming people wild and dun,
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Trusting in Providence ever—
Still let us hope for the best.

THE NOVICE.

OR,—THE CONVENT DEMON.

BY LEIGH RITCHIE.

'It is even worse than you think, Juliet,' said he, and he better. At a pure, as you say, sky, when the azure and gold are discolored by innumerable spots of dark vapor; it is as if, in this garden, when showers and sun are intermingled with vegetation. But if the good fly from the world, it is they who are to blame if it become all bad. We lose no time, however; my purpose is to show you, straight, what you should do to-morrow, and he took the hand of the novice.

'I do not desire to see it,' said Juliet, shrinking. 'What! Take care,—you have not spoken truth! The novice blushed; but as she flung herself the next moment caught up in the arms of the stranger, she had nearly fainted with terror and surprise.

'Fear nothing,' said he, 'inhale this perfume and it will support you.' She suffered him to hold something to her face, and immediately dropping her head upon his shoulder, she lost all consciousness of her actual situation.

Everything around her was indistinct and confused. She felt as if in a dream, in which she imagined herself to be rushing, wheeling, and whirling through the air. The first acute perception was of intense cold; this she gradually lulled, and when at length as the tree of motion ceased, she opened her eyes, she found herself in a glow of warmth.

They were in the open country, surrounded by graves and hills and valleys and streams; and the convent of Frankenlo was not even in sight.—Juliet, who was an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful mountain nature, felt her soul grow calm under the influence of the place. The sun had sunk behind the mountain in the distance; but a stream of glory over the west which still illuminated the world. The romantic Rhine was seen here and there through the ranks of her hand hills every eminence around was crowned with woods, to which the mellowed light gave a mystic and religious effect, at once exciting to the imagination, and chastening to the heart.

'This is the world!' said the stranger—'what do you think of it, Juliet?' The novice started at his voice; for in her imagination of the scenery, she had almost forgotten the unfamiliar being in whose she owed the spectacle.

'It is beautiful—more grand and glorious than I can express.' They walked on in silence, till crossing a rivulet, they entered a natural alcove of flowering shrubs, upon which the mellowed light fell still more mellowed through the leaves and blossoms.

At the farther end were seated two human figures, close beside each other; and Juliet, in the doubtful company in which she found herself, felt her heart warm to her own species. They advanced, and as the strangers were a beautiful maiden, whose years were at the conjuncture of the noon and morning of life, and a youth, with a sunny cheek, just ripening into the rich bloom of manhood. His arm round her waist; her head reclined upon his shoulder; and their hands were locked together.

'You are mine, fairest and dearest!' said the youth, as the trembling novice passed. 'Thine—thine!' whispered the maiden. Juliet good night. Her heart was troubled; she gazed upon the youthful pair till tears rose in her eyes, and flowed down her cheeks.

'Are they not beautiful?' said the guide, as he led her close beside them. They raised their eyes, unconscious of the presence of a witness, looking apparently through and beyond them.—Juliet turned a look of wonder and terror upon the stranger, as she found that both she and he were invisible!

'These,' said he, leading her away, 'are called lovers, in the language of this world of sin and shame; and to-morrow is their wedding day.'

As the novice walked musing, she thought of her own nuptials, that were to take place at the same time, and startled and grew pale.

By and by, they heard a sound of music and festivity, and soon after reached a cottage where a joyful company were dining on the green. They were young men and women in their holiday dresses, and looked love and laughter from their sunny eyes, as they flew through the dance. Some of the people sat by the door, at a table on which were placed wine and fruit. They kept time with their hands, snapping their fingers, and shouting gleefully to the dancers, and ever and anon an old man would jump from his seat, compelled by the magic of music and memory, and try a spring upon the ground, then shake his head and get down laughing. The novice, whose heart was naturally disposed to the joy of innocent merriment, could hardly refrain from clapping her hands. She quickened her pace unconsciously as she advanced; and at length taking advantage of the excuse afforded by a slight dizziness, skipped to the measure of the dancing pipes. When she saw, however, that even when they passed through the ring and felt the waving of the dancers' garments, their presence was unknown and unseen, her brow again grew sad, and she turned a look of distrust at her companion.

'This,' said he, 'is called *perception*, in this world of sin and joy.' They walked on in silence as before, till the carriage of the sun had completely disappeared behind the heights of the west. The air became chill; the winds of the evening began to rise and murmur through trees; and a dim, heavy grayish hue spread itself abroad upon the world, covering hill and plain and grove and river, as with a veil. Juliet looked anxiously around.—The cold seemed to strike the heart; her spirits were depressed; and whether she thought of her convent or the world, she could hardly restrain her tears. The stranger in the meantime walked by her side, wrapped in his mantle, tall, calm and beautiful, like one of those images of lofty pride and inflexible courage, mingled with all manly gentleness and grace, which haunt the virgin's dream, even of a nun.

'They arrived at a cottage so deeply enshrouded in the woods that they had not seen it before.—The possessor appeared to be of a still lower class in society, than any they had yet seen; for every thing proclaimed the presence of extreme poverty. The stranger led his protégée to the window, and she looked in.

Seated by a bright fire, there was a pretty young woman, although apparently the mother of half-a-dozen children, that were scattered about the room in various employments, or amusements. She was busily engaged in preparing the family supper; while one boy was seated on the floor mending a net, another was cutting bread, and a third, meditating between the fry and a dog, with whom they were engaged in a playful contest. Suddenly the latch was raised, and the whole party started up. A man habited like a wood-cutter, with soiled dress and a weary look, entered the apartment. 'Father! father!' shouted the children, as they sprang toward him. One seized the father by the arm; another his coat that hung over his shoulder; a third traced at his soled and heavy boots;—and the rest clung round his legs. He was seated with loud cries in his chair of state, and took the youngest on his knees, and embraced them all one by one. His brow cleared, his eye grew bright, the look of weariness fled; and when his wife who had hardly seemed to notice him, except by her sables, suddenly was engaged in removing his supper from the fire, suddenly threw her arm round his neck as he passed, and kissed him he strained them together in his arms.

The novice, at this so new, so interesting, and so delightful a scene, could not restrain her emotion. She felt a sense of suffocation in her throat, that was only relieved by a gust of tears. 'Juliet,' said the stranger, 'is not that beautiful?'

'Heaven-only!' replied Juliet, sobbing as if her heart would break. 'That is what we call domestic happiness in this world of sin and folly.'

They had lingered so long at the window, that when they raised their heads, they saw the moon had risen and spread a new scene of enchantment around them. Leaping on the arm of the stranger, whom she no longer feared, Juliet walked on, immersed in a reverie, so compounded of the sweet and the bitter, that she knew not which was predominant.

'Juliet,' said he, quickly, pausing suddenly, 'you have seen—not the world—but a portion of what the world can bestow, even in the humblest walks of life. You already shun the convent, its joys, its uses. Choose between them. I pledge myself, and you know my power, that you shall be free to follow your choice.'

He sprinkled something upon her face and her head instantly sunk upon his shoulder. When she raised it, she was standing alone, on the violet bank, in the garden of St. Idegen.

The great day at length arrived, and the sisters, getting up early, prepared for the important ceremony which was to give a new life to the church. There was something so strange in Juliet's manner, that they supposed her imagination to be bewildered by the awful circumstance in which she was placed. She could not rest even at prayer; she wandered from cloister to cloister, from cell to cell, as if looking for something she was surprised and uneasy not to find. Then traversed the garden, gathered a flower upon the violet bank, and gazed long and earnestly into the old well.

As the hour approached, she became paler, and when the sisters arrayed her in her bridal dress, looked like one who would better become the garments of the grave.

At every new arrival of visitors, she started and flew to the window, and then turned away wringing her hands. When the Baron at last came, and would have received her in his arms, she sank at his feet and clasped his knees.

'Father—' she said; but the attempt was vain; her voice was choked and dropping her head, she sobbed long and bitterly. When she rose, her manner was calm and her step firm, although her face was not simply pale, but as white as marble. She was led into the chapel, and the service of the dead alive commenced.

When some progress had been made in the ceremony, the novice leaped upon the altar, and the altar, that the spectators imagined she had become insensible; and a star, amounting to disapprobation, was heard among the sisters. 'Dearest! said Juliet quickly; but I am betrayed and abandoned.'

'By whom, in the name of the Virgin?' 'By a demon! But it matters not—there—' and shaking out her hair till it rolled in glory, she rushed upon her feet—there—it is my own gift, and she held it up to the sacrificial steel.

'Hold!' cried a voice at the organ, near the door, that shook the chapel like a clap of thunder; and Juliet, bursting with a wild scream through the circle of priests and nuns, threw herself into the arms of the stranger.

While the monks threatened the intruder with their curses, and the sisters fled, shrinking to the altar, the knights and men-at-arms drew their swords.

'Lord of Wildenstein!' cried the Baron of Liebenstein, firmly, 'worse than madman! Do you dare at the same moment to insult your Saviour and dishonor your enemy? Give up the infatuated girl or I will stab her in your arms.'

'I am no madman,' said the young Baron, supporting Juliet with his left arm, while he waved away the phalanx of foes with his right—'I have but for an instant, and I shall prove to you that I mean no outrage either upon God or man. This territory, you are aware, belonged many years ago to my ancestors; and it was therefore with more pleasure than surprise that I discovered, in the course of some improvements, subterranean communications between the castle of Wildenstein and the convent of Frankenlo. The use I gave to first of my knowledge, was one, I give to you, of mere frolic, for which I shall duly pay both in purse and penance to the holy St. Idegen. But when I beheld the danger of Liebenstein, my heart was changed—I loved her—' I saw, or imagined I saw, that she deceived herself in supposing that she had a call to be the spouse of the church; and by the contrivances of skillful mechanics, who made one of the huge stones of an old wall serve as a door, so nicely adjusted, that the hand of the artificer could not be traced even by father Grotto, I obtained the means of putting her to the trial. At her visit to Liebenstein, by wearing a monkish habit over my armor, and dropping the former, and closing my vizor when necessary, I mingled undetected among the crowd of knights and ecclesiastics on the march. She then saw the world for the first time—although only a world of actors selected from my own passions, and I know it to be my duty, as true son of the church, to prevent it from receiving a hand far fitter for the Baron of Wildenstein.'

This explanation excited a murmur of surprise among the throngers, and the old Baron of Liebenstein was observed to sigh deeply, and turn an unloving look upon the statue of St. Idegen.

'I have an oath! I have an oath!' said she—'I depart in peace!'

'Be it mine to dissolve the oath,' cried the young lord; 'if it will not unloose it must be cut.'

in twain. What, but for Wildenstein! and the door of the chapel flew open, and discovered the court and garden filled with his knights and men-at-arms.

It is unnecessary to tell the result; the Baron of Liebenstein neither kept his oath nor lost his honor; the church was robbed of an unwilling bride, and Wildenstein gained a lovely and devoted wife.

In leaving the convent, Juliet took with her the beautiful simplicity that had shed a halo over her previous life; and in the course of a long, happy and useful life with her demon lord, realized all the pictures with which his successful stratagem had delighted her imagination in an humble sphere.

SEA SKETCHES.

After you have been long at sea, there is a strange undefinable fear upon approaching land, especially in remote regions, only occasionally visited by the enterprising navigator on his way to some commercial mart. In the broad ocean a sailor is always ready for a conflict with wind or wave; he there relies upon the faith of his skill and powers of his ship. But what sunken rocks and yet unexplored shoals may not lay treacherously in his path upon an unfrequented coast. Such was my feeling upon approaching the Asiatic Archipelago, and I believe the like sensation existed, though unexpressed, in the hearts of all on board. The land was now clearly visible to my inexperienced eye—an undulating line of mountain peaks & rounded hills—with what delight did I gaze upon it—the first view to me of a new world.—How I should love to traverse those shores, scale the mountain side and penetrate the solitary glen, where nature in all her primitive beauty reigns in solitary grandeur, as yet untrodden by the foot of man. The most uninteresting coast in the world, in point of scenery is that of North America. Upon approaching it anywhere between Maine and Florida, the trees are the first things that are seen. It is not for the regularity of the soundings, it would be exceedingly dangerous. The coast of South America with its magnificent mountains, twelve thousand feet high, rising at once from the bottom of the ocean can be seen by the approaching navigator at a great distance. So it is also upon the coast of all the Polynesian group. Java, to which we were now approaching, is one of the most magnificent islands in respect to scenery in the world. The mountains are clothed to the summits with the richest vegetation, which descends sometimes to the water's edge. Groves of gigantic palms, the palm-trees and the graceful cocoa, wave their branches over the sea that bathes their trunks. A heavy long swell was now setting in towards the shore from the Indian ocean, thundering among the rocks, leaping up the craggy precipice, and pouring down its sides in a perfect cascade of white froth and foam. The trees bent and bowed to the retiring flood and sprang again to their upright position, again to be threatened by the succeeding roller. Every point and cape, and inlet teemed with interest, and presented every variety of form, changing with the advancing motion of the vessel. Far above us, capped with clouds, was a magnificent mountain frowning in gloomy grandeur upon the scene. As we passed a point of land, a waterfall burst upon our view—a mountain torrent leaping from a precipice of dark rock, prone into the sea, we clapped our hands in ecstasy. It was all that was wanted to give a finish to the magnificent prospect. It was a scene of perfect enchantment. It was wrapped in wonder and delight; it was worth travelling ten thousand miles to see. At this moment my attention was attracted to the officers of the ship who appeared to be in doubt and uncertainty.

'Mr. Gardner,' cried the captain, who was pacing with hurried and uneasy step the quarter-deck, 'you have been here before?'

'Yes, sir—once in the William White, and once in the "La Plant."

'Which do you call the friar's rock, and which the cap?'

'There's the Friar to the right,' pointing to a huge rock, that looked like a colossal monk in full canonicals; 'you can run within biscuit's throw of it. There is the entrance to the straits.'

We passed the point and swept into a bay—the water suddenly became green as grass—a large yellow and green speckled snake was lazily floating by the ship, but ere I could cry "look here," within twenty yards of the starboard bow, an immense dark rock heaved into sight, the water poured off its slippery surface, a conical roller engulfed it from our view. We were now becalmed, and the ship rolled regardless of the bottom. A current was evidently rapidly setting into this bay. The surf which was not more than three cable lengths from the ship, peeled upon the beach with the roar of thunder.

Every one was now alive to the impending danger. 'Haul a port, with your helm, sir! haul up! say,' cried the captain. 'Clear away the anchor—move—jump, I say—get out a boat—clew down the jib—let fall that spunk-er,' and many other commands were given in quick succession. At this moment as if from a

rift in the mountain, a stiff breeze whistled through the cordage. 'Brace round those yards, haul on every thing!' The Rosalia whirled round before the blast and scud before it in the same direction she had entered. We were again in deep water, and escaped from an imminent peril. We had mistaken Winrow Bay for the Straits, and it would deceive any one. When we afterwards entered the straits I was particularly struck with the similarity of the land marks. But I shall never forget that awful grim rock that took a peep at the Rosalia en passant, nor the thundering of that terrific surf.

The scenery off the eastern coast of Java is indelibly heartily, but the prospect of having your ship's bottom stove in by a huge rock, or of laying your bones whitening those shores, or of their being made into drumsticks or fish spears by some hostile Malay is quite another thing to talk about. Flocks of tropic birds of every variety now flew over the ship, thousands of parrots and paroquets winged their way to some lonely isle, chattering and screaming, perhaps with surprise, as they passed over our heads. Now and then a beautiful little land bird would rest his weary wings upon the spars and again make for his spicy groves from which he had perhaps been torn by some rude blast. The air was perfumed with a spicy odor.—The gentle breezes that fanned our sails had no doubt passed over many a sweet and leafy bower, or had rustled through the fair of a tiger. Under its gentle influence we slowly wended our way northward, perfectly satisfied with our view of the interior of Winrow Bay, and with no desire to revisit its unpeopled shores.

We here had the opportunity of seeing for the first time one of those far famed and wonderful boats, a Malay prow, sailing dead into the wind's eye—a long barren sail, made of matting, almost as big as a ship's main top sail, rigged to a stump mast and supported by a long bamboo yard. One side of this craft is perfectly flat, like a boat cut into from stem to stern; it is prevented from capsizing by an iron trigger of some very buoyant material of equal length with the boat; the speed with which these boats skim over the water is truly wonderful. With the aid of a telescope we could see some grim looking fellows sitting in a row to windward, watching the motion of our vessel—they soon ran out of sight. They are represented to be a very treacherous people, and frequent conflicts occur between them and our traders in pepper, upon the adjoining coast of Sumatra; but if the story be true that was told me of the conduct of one of my countrymen, they are perfectly excusable in wreaking their vengeance upon us whenever they can do it with impunity. A certain captain commanding an armed barque, while sailing along the coast of Sumatra, observed several hundred of the native men, women, and children, spearing fish, upon a shoal that ran into the sea, he lifted up to within a hundred yards of them, and in mere wantonness poured into the harmless and unoffending group, a broadside of grape and canister shot, doing the sea with their blood. If this story be true, the animosity of these people towards our traders is easily accounted for, and any retaliation perfectly justifiable.

Having now run up to the latitude of the Straits of Sunda, the ship was hove to for the night, that we might make the passage by day light.

THE DIXVILLE NOTCH.

The following account of this celebrated mountain pass is given by a writer in the Lowell Courier, who visited the Notch from Colebrook:

After winding our way between hills, which rose higher and higher as we proceeded, the party came suddenly to a meadow. 'That meadow! who ever saw elsewhere so interesting a spot? so perfect a picture of solitude, and occupying a place so romantic! so exquisitely beautiful and lovely, yet so contrasted with grandeur! Situated in an alcove of the mountains, it is walled up to the very sky. Surveying the immense cliffs by which it is surrounded, the mighty workmanship of a mighty hand, the beholder is filled with inexpressible wonder. He looks onward for a passage. Ah! there it is beyond the meadow, a wild craggy fissure separating the mountain from its summit to its base, and formed in some convulsion which must have shaken the earth to its centre. On either hand are piled irregular masses of columnar rock, one above another, till their highest points seem to terminate in the clouds. Could I wish you any superior gratification, such as your correct perceptions would be to stand with me and view this tremendous gateway, to gaze upon the vast rocks just hanging above, and to see in reality high in the air their crowning peaks and pinnacles. Near they reach upward like spires and minarets; a little farther and they assume the form of towers; while beyond, the high and commanding walls upon the southern side of the defile, appear like an extended battlement. Here the rocks break into an endless variety of forms, the wild and picturesque mingling in confusion, and there, towering precipice projects forward into the chasm, its bold and abrupt front rising in stately majesty. The subterranean fires hidden in the earth beneath, and all the powers of the elements above, must have conspired in playfulness to form this spot, beautiful, vast and awful.

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by which man might stand and feel his littleness. This is the Dixville Notch.

Our party having paused awhile, entered the pass and in a short time they found themselves through to the other side of the mountain. There they separated, some going to examine a deep trap dyke through a stream which passes a little distance from the notch, and others seeking different points of observation to view the great curiosity through which they had passed.

Seen from below it is grand and magnificent, but seen from above it is sublime. The most westerly pinnacle upon the southern side of the notch is the highest, and from no other spot can such a conception be formed of the scenery. When at its base the rock appears to run up into a lengthened turret, but upon reaching the summit of the mountain, it is found to be of the form of an inverted wedge. Upon its edge is a walk of from four to twelve feet wide, extending out into the air with a slight ascent a distance of 120 feet, where, at its termination, the rock breaks away 700 feet in perpendicular lines nearly to its base. The traveller may have ascended mountains in this country 200 feet high, or if his rambles have been more varied, he may have stood at the dizzy height of 400 feet upon some European tower, but here, 300 feet higher, overlooking the secluded meadow at the left, and the deep, deep chasm with rock overhanging rock, and crag surmounting crag, breaking irregularly through the mountain at his right, and his sensations will be such as he has not elsewhere experienced. Few, from dizziness can take this walk, can cross the deep fissures with which it is filled, or can consent to step upon the rock before which seemed only to require the addition of their weight to burst from its loose situation into the gulph of air beneath; but when it has been accomplished, and the observer has rested awhile to become easy in his airy seat, he is amply repaid for conquering his perturbation. A noble and an awful prospect is before him, not of cultivated fields, but of the wildest forms in nature, where every object strikes the eye with that overpowering astonishment which is received on first beholding the Niagara. He looks around and feels that to take another step, or to miss his hold is to launch into eternity. Nowhere else that I have ever been have I experienced such emotions, or seen a spot abounding with such evidences of the power of that Being who moulds and forms the world, and besides whose works the structures of vain passing man are as nothing.

The same writer remarks as follows upon the new road lately cut through the Notch, and its important communications with Maine:

"The credit of this work, which has been made at a heavy expenditure, and by private subscription, is due to the enterprising inhabitants of Colebrook. Considering the design for which it was commenced, and the difficulties encountered in the undertaking, it is an achievement of no small magnitude. Its object is to open a direct communication with the nearest ports and markets in Maine. This will soon be realized, the greatest obstacle, effecting a passage through the mountains being removed. The people, with their indomitable perseverance, and with circumstances now greatly in their favor, will not rest till a good road is formed on each side of the notch. The current of trade will then flow in its natural course to the nearest ports, and besides, a line of stages will be established between Augusta and St. Francis, a post upon the St. Francis river. This will then form a great channel of communication between Maine and Canada. At this time the travel from Maine to Canada is by the way of the Kennebec river, where it requires five days for the stages to make the passage from Augusta to Quebec. By this route, for it is a very level one, and mostly through a thickly settled country, the stages can pass over the distance of 200 miles between Augusta and St. Francis, at the rate of travelling on good roads, such as this can now be rendered by some improvements and alterations, in two days, and easily in two days and a half. The traveller at the port of St. Francis can step on board of a steamboat, and in a few hours arrive at Montreal or Quebec, and at Augusta, if proceeding in that direction, he can take the steamboat at night and arrive in Boston the next morning. The advantage to be derived from this road, both for trade and travel, will insure the further progress, and its certain completion within a few years."

MILLERIS.

We copy from the Christian Mirror, a few days since, a note from a Millerite of this city, stating that he had given away all he was worth—some four hundred dollars—to the cause. He has handed us a statement to publish, which, with the omission of certain names and irrelevant matter, we give below. From this statement, it is due to the believers in the doctrines of Mr. Miller to say that we do not perceive that they are in the least to blame in the matter. He gave away his money voluntarily, being induced to do it by "impressions" of duty, while his Millerite friends frankly told him that he was "not in his right mind." The best advice we can give him is to cut all fanatisms—trust to his Bible and common sense—and go to work.

TO THE PEOPLE CALLED MILLERITES

PORTLAND, NOV. 10, 1843.

"This is to show that I am in want of help. I have been a believer, and spent all my money in promulgating the doctrine. I did as I thought would be for the best good of the cause; some of the brethren thought I was going too fast, but I did not. The end of the world looked so near to me that I was afraid to have any money—so I got rid of it as fast as my wife would let me. She was opposed to my doing as I did, and is now at work in a Lowell Factory. She thinks she should have some of the money back, which I gave away while not in my right mind; and those that took it thought I was not. [The writer here goes on to state to whom he gave and lent some of his money, which we omit. Ed.] There were many of the Millerites thought I was not in my right mind, and when Mr. French came here I became worse in mind than before. There were many who thought Christ would come on the 14th of April. I was one. So Mr. French taught us. When the day arrived, I was

afraid I should be lost if I had any money about me. I have heard them say they would not want a dollar when the Lord came. I gave Brother \$5. I had an impression on Sabbath morning to go and give—\$5. I went to Portsmouth where I had another impression to give Brother—\$5. [And so on and so forth. It is unnecessary to continue the catalogue. Ed.] The end of the world has not come—but the end of my money has."

REUBEN H. BROWN.

POETRY.

THE DYING BOY.

Farewell, my dear mother,
I'm going far away;
Farewell, my little brother,
I can no longer stay;
I hear my Saviour calling me
To come unto his breast,
I long to leave this world of pain,
And seek my final rest.

I'm going where my father
So lately went before.
Oh, bury me down beside him,
And we will part no more.
I long to see my father's face,
And hear his pleasant voice;
We shall be happy, mother,
And in Jesus' love rejoice.

Dear mother, you have tended me
In sickness and in pain
I grieve to quit you, but I hope
We soon shall meet again.
I hear the angels singing,
I see my Saviour come,
Oh, let me go, dear mother,
To my eternal home.

CHORUS.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 21, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to the final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; ECONOMY; REPUBLICANISM; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory is such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Callhoun*.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.

This is a new Romance written by Eugene Sue, a Frenchman. It is very much praised by our annuals. It has been translated into English and republished in this country, by the enterprising publishers of the Brecher Jonathan. Price \$1.00. The work is said to be rich in adventure and in opposition to the works of De Kack has a good moral tendency. It abounds in wit, humor, pathos, and fancy.

NEW PAPER.

A new journal by the name of the "Lowiston Falls Advertiser," has just reached us. This number, No. 1, contains a very well written sketch of a "Legend of the Androscoggin." It is to be published the first Friday in every month. Price 50 cents. Lewiston ought to have a news paper, and it ought to be supported.

STATE FINANCES.

The Treasurer of our State has received about \$400,000 of the sum due on the Webster and Ashburton treaty. \$200,000 more are expected from the same source—in all amounting to \$600,000 or more. This is more than was expected; and results from the success of the State Agent in establishing our just claims. The Treasurer of the United States has placed to our credit the sum of \$17,000 arising under the distribution Law. If this last sum should be received this winter by our Legislature it will supply any deficiency in the current expenses of the year, and the whole amount from the Treaty can be appropriated towards the discharge of our public debt, which now amounts to about \$1,700,000. The last Legislature authorized our Secretary of the Treasury to receive the funds arising from the Treaty and purchase of the State scrip at par. But money having become now plenty and the rate of interest lower, and the reception of these funds has caused a rise in the value of our State scrip; and those who hold it value it above par. The Treasurer therefore not being authorized to purchase the scrip above par, the funds have been deposited in the Boston Banks.

These funds will reduce our State debt to the sum of \$1,100,000. Our State as appears from the above is in good circumstances so far as its finances are concerned. Its stock is above par, and a part of the principal is ready to be paid which will considerably reduce the annual interest. No danger of repudiation in this State.

LYCEUM.

The Paris Lyceum meets at Lincoln Hall to-morrow (Wednesday) evening, at 6 o'clock. Question for discussion: Is it expedient that Texas be admitted into the Union?

RIGHT FEELING.

The Democracy of Virginia are associating together regardless of individual preferences to oppose the elevation of Henry Clay to the next Presidency. This is done in order the more successfully to resist the measures of the whig party. We like this feeling, and hope it may be imitated every where; for it is not at all incompatible with the preferences of individuals; but has a tendency to more closely cement the ties of the Democratic brotherhood.

Annexation of Texas to the United States.

It is thought by many that a great effort will be made to annex Texas to the United States du-

ring the next session of Congress. The President and Cabinet will recommend it and the Southern delegation in Congress will both advocate and vote for it. One of the reasons assigned for its admission is that Texas is a part of the United States by virtue of the cession of Louisiana. Another is, that it will put an end to British diplomacy in that quarter.

FROM TEXAS.

Accounts from Texas show that some angry feeling has recently occurred between the British and American Ministers at Galveston. The cause was stated to be some strong language used by the latter in relation to the movements of abolitionists aided by Great Britain.

Charity is not all Extinguished. A poor widow woman who had lost her only son and was living in a state of poverty and want was recently visited by forty or fifty of her neighbors in Skowhegan and Bloomfield and provision with other necessities to the amount of \$50 were contributed. This is worthy of imitation.

Rumor. Probable that several of the corps Diplomatic will receive walking papers during the present session of Congress. Mr. Wise is spoken of as Minister to France.

RESULT IN THE FOURTH CONG. DISTRICT.

We have heard from the following towns and plantations, being all in district except seven.

		November.		September.	
		Andrews	Morse	Andrews	Morse
Aina,	12	91	6	39	92
Andover,	45	53	1	64	92
N. Surplus		5	2	11	1
Arrowick	15	13	1	31	9
Bath,	167	44	16	173	419
Boothbay	31	80	8	86	66
Bowdoinham	33	107	16	77	107
Bowdoin	40	78	3	102	117
Bristol	154	154	1	232	151
Buckfield,	84	42	47	95	55
Byron,	48	9	—	41	10
Bremant,	—	—	—	49	40
Canton,	73	39	9	109	30
Cushing,	34	1	—	70	6
Dixfield,	122	40	20	140	42
Dresden,	33	38	4	75	90
Edgemoor,	48	56	1	96	72
Franklin P'n,	—	—	—	54	12
Friendship,	—	—	—	56	6
Georgetown,	30	6	20	93	6
Greene,	56	63	12	76	63
Hanover,	22	18	—	20	18
Hartford,	66	42	58	69	40
Hamlin's Grant,	2	6	2	5	2
Jefferson	23	99	—	23	99
Letter A,	15	—	3	15	—
Letter B,	25	1	—	25	1
Lewiston,	48	100	24	92	102
Lisbon,	38	81	10	73	123
Livermore,	48	189	17	86	195
Mexico,	53	12	18	71	11
Monhegan,	—	—	—	14	—
Milton P'n,	27	71	4	53	135
Newcastle	68	31	2	130	37
Nobleboro'	16	5	6	—	—
No. 5,	10	5	6	6	4
No. 5, R. 1 & 2,	31	74	5	84	76
Phippsburg,	107	60	95	145	47
Paris,	53	3	23	107	7
Peru,	—	—	—	62	8
Patrickton P'n,	21	46	10	73	67
Richmond,	61	85	7	85	103
Rumford,	29	2	3	26	2
Roxbury,	62	5	—	100	2
St. George,	35	25	28	94	17
Summer,	169	167	3	369	139
Thompson,	62	123	4	70	142
Topsham,	110	156	131	126	133
Turner,	—	—	—	25	30
Townsend,	—	—	—	127	130
Union,	53	95	10	147	92
Warren,	83	212	—	203	193
Waldoboro,	25	27	9	123	63
Washington,	20	50	—	155	90
Whitefield,	96	126	5	123	165
Wiscasset,	—	—	—	12	25
Woolwich,	—	—	—	95	15
Woodstock,	60	2	23	53	2
Webster,	21	80	—	33	92
Westport,	21	11	—	29	10

It will be seen that Morse has 3430—Andrews 2633—Scattering 699. The democratic candidate wants 1517 votes of an election—Morse has 100 over Andrews and Scattering. It is probable Morse is elected. The places to be heard from gave, in September, 504 votes. Of these Andrews and Scattering had 372, Morse, 222.

Consequently there was 150 plurality for Andrews. If Morse should gain in these places as he has in others he will be elected. This is a result deeply to be regretted. The democrats have a majority in the district, if we base the calculation on the vote of 40 from 12 to 15,000, and yet a whig elected! Taking all things into consideration we are not disappointed. If Morse be not elected it behoves the democratic party to remove these causes which have produced defeat in its ranks, and brought upon it the reprobation as well as former defeat.

Do men mistrust or say that this is a favorable omen for Clay? or that democracy is on the wane in this quarter? We can only say in answer, "Clay not the flattering union to your souls?" If the promotion of Henry Clay and his principles had been the question at issue the re-

sult would have been different. Thousands of democrats who under existing circumstances remained at home would have come forth with the unity and eagerness of a Macedonian phalanx to rout from the district an idea so absurd, so preposterous. We say, let measures be taken to procure harmony in our ranks; and the democrats of Oxford or even a part of it will ensure a triumph to our cause, even if it were coupled with the heart of whiggery.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

Mr. Severance is elected in the Third District by about 500 majority. We still incline to the opinion that Morse is elected in the Fourth.

In the Fifth, fifteen towns in Waldo give a majority against White of 206; and there is therefore no election there.

In the Seventh, 30 towns give Cary, dem., 929; Robinson, fed., 1036, and 96 scattering. In these towns Mr. Anderson's majority in September was 324—democratic loss, 514. This looks bad for the Seventh. Amer.

Briggs, the whig candidate for governor of Massachusetts has a majority against him of FIVE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY EIGHT VOTES.

ELECTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The following is the result of all but four towns—Morton 52,690—Briggs 59,064—Abolition 8,861. The four towns to be heard from will make no material difference in the result.

Of the representatives elected there are 100 democrats and 158 whigs. In the 137 towns there is no choice.

HON. JOSEPH GUINNESS. (Whig) is elected to Congress from the Tenth District.

MICHIGAN—ALL MAIL.—An extra, from the Jackson County Democrat, Nov. 5th, says that the majority for Barry will be 6000.

Donless all the democratic candidates for Congress (three) have succeeded, viz:

1st, Dist. Robert McClelland.

2d " Lucius Lyon.

3d " James D. Hunt.

Mr. Lyon was formerly a member of the U. S. Senate.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

The Albany Argus of yesterday gives the following as the result of the election of the State.

SENATE—Backus, whig, is elected in the 5th district, by about 2500. The elections this year are 8 democrats to 1 whig—the composition of the Senate, 20 democrats, 6 whigs.

HOUSE—Transferring one of the members in Niagara from the democratic to the whig side, conceding the whigs all the members in Monroe, and the members also in Allegany, from whigs nothing definite has been heard, and the aggregate is 89 democrats, 36 whigs, and 3 of the people's ticket in Chautauque, consisting of 2 democrats and 1 whig.

The New York Examiner gives the following brief but graphic sketch of Mr. Calhoun:

"Mr. Calhoun is harmless in private life, frank and cordial in his manners—has no cautious reserve, no mystery, no dissimulation about him. What he thinks he says. Sincerity is the first of his virtues, and who is more truthful and straightforward than Mr. Calhoun? When did he seek to shun responsibility—when was he found sailing with the popular current, unless it went with his principles and feelings? He has never sought office for its emoluments—never striven to enrich himself or his friends with the public spoil."

STRAWS FROM WASHINGTON.

THE CITY. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writes:

"Our city is now quite lively, and all the citizens, especially the merchants, seem to be on the 'qui vive.' Like the rustling of the leaves which precedes some mighty storm, this stir and bustle seems to precede that 'storm of all storms,' the arrival of the members of Congress. The ladies (Heaven smile upon them!) are beginning to look handsomer, and I challenge any street in the Union to present a more brilliant array of beauty and fashion than can be seen on Pennsylvania avenue between hours of four and six, P. M. on some fine evening."

JOHN C. SPENCER. A correspondent of the New York Aurora says:

"I see by the newspapers that rumor is busy again with the Secretary of the Treasury, and that the last story is, that he intends going to Russia. There is not one word of truth in the report, and as far as I can learn, he has no intention of leaving the cabinet or the administration."

ECRONE SUE, the author of the Mysteries of Paris, is thus alluded to by Willis in his last letter in the National Intelligencer:

Eugene Sue, the author of the 'Mysteries of Paris,' is a connoisseur of pleasure, and when I saw him ten years ago in an elegant voluptuary of the ten years. He was just then creeping through the crust of the Faubourg St. Germain—fat, good looking, and thirty-two. He is, by this time, 'sloped' from his moribund, and apparently turning his experience into commodity. I observe that he borrows my name for a wicked Florida planter who misuses a lady of color—a reproach which I trust will not stick to 'us'."

It is ascertained that a large majority of the best wines drank in this country are manufactured in New Jersey. The Claret particularly, which is made by men who keep dying establishments, and don't want to waste their logwood.

MILITARY CONVENTION.

Officers and Soldiers of the Sixth Division of Militia, with all others friendly to a well organized Militia, are requested to meet at Buckfield Village on the twentieth day of December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon to take such measures as they shall deem proper in regard to the Militia.

Commissioned Officers are requested to wear a badge of office.

J. J. PERRY,
PHILIP BRADFORD,
ALEX. RYERSON,
LEE STRICKLAND,
JAMES HERSEY,
WILLIAM TRIPP,
ORVILLE KNIGHT,
TIMOTHY LUDDEN.

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

A remark made the other day by one gentleman to another, "it is hard to cheat one man and therefore consummate folly to attempt to cheat the whole community," contains much practical wisdom. For one man to overreach another and obtain the advantage in a trade is a difficult thing in yankee land, and more difficult still so to hoodwink the person over whom an advantage has been obtained that he will never ascertain that he was taken in. Retribution is sure to follow the exposure of a deception, in the loss of reputation if not by a forced legal restitution.

It is the same in politics as in business. It is the height of folly for even a practiced politician to attempt to cheat the people. It may be done once by uncommon skill and shrewdness, but it cannot be repeated a second time with success, for the trick of the game is detected and suspicious fastens upon the gamster. People are sharp sighted in politics, and better understand what is going on than many suppose. It is no easy matter to deceive one person, and it is much harder to blind the eyes of a whole community. The honest and the dishonest politician are as well known as the honest and dishonest men of business.

Not only are the acts of politicians well understood and judged impartially and correctly, but the people from a correct opinion of the motives by which politicians are governed. The popular instinct detects the selfish motive which prompts even to a good action and discovers the good motive in the heart when the head misjudges as to the character of the act.

The time has gone by for political dishonesty to prosper, if there ever was a period when the people would excuse and tolerate a deviation from the path of rectitude by politicians. Good character and a correct life are required in men to ensure the confidence of the public. Men must have private worth to obtain political influence; they must have moral and political honesty to secure popular favor.

A man who is dishonest in business cannot be an honest politician, and a dishonest politician will cheat in a trade if he can. This is the sense of the community.

To say nothing of principle, it is the best policy to be honest—honest in politics, honest in business. Honesty in the individual and honesty in the party will best subserve the legitimate purposes of both and ensure lasting prosperity.

Ban. Democrat.

Them's our sentiments and we mean to act up to them. Brother Haynes hit the nail on the head when he penned the fifth paragraph.

IMPORTANTS FROM WASHINGTON. The New York True Sun says.

"We learn from a source which we think entitled to consideration, that the President will recommend, in his next Message, the annexation of Texas to the Union. This question will be the greatest which has agitated this country for many years. It will be advocated on the ground of a commercial and political necessity, and to prevent the farther intrusion of British interest in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Mexico. That it will create a new division of parties in the United States we think more than probable."

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. Ben Rathbone is 'Unionizing' at Buffalo. Going into a Penitentiary has fixed his fame. Formerly he was a smart man—now he is a great man.

P. S. Great rascals are great men, according to modern estimation.

Mr. Clay, in his famous speech of '39, said: 'I am opposed to any measure tending to the abolition of slavery in the Southern States either immediately or remotely.'

A wet silk handkerchief, tied without folding over the face, is it is said, a complete security against suffocation from smoke; it permits free breathing, and at the same time excludes the smoke from the lungs.

A general Jail Delivery. The St. Louis New Era of 27th ult. has information from Jefferson City, to the effect that fifteen of the convicts escaped from the Missouri Penitentiary a few days before.

Four of the fifteen convict who escaped from the Missouri Penitentiary about a fortnight ago have been re-taken. The others have been seen near the Little Monroeu, armed with knives ready to resist all efforts to apprehend them.

An English paper give an account of a party of 1,150 old women, who were the mothers of eight hundred and sixty-nine children! They must have had something to talk about at the party we should think.

Do not despise the poor. Remember that while honest virtue may be clothed in rags, it flaunts gaily in satin, and dazzles the eye with costly jewels.

The man of God came fo
Unto his mother and wen
And he was there—her b
Living and smiling on he
Folded about her neck, a
Breathing upon her lips,
The music of his gentle v